

When All the World is Young, Lad by Charles Kingsley (1863):

poems

Video: <https://youtu.be/qoZXnsDRwN4>

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down ;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

**When all the world is young,
lad, / And all the trees are
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swan, lad / And every lass a
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world away: / Young blood
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Charles Kingsley
British Clergyman